THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

Vol. III. *Saturday, July 22, 1797.* No. 129.

JACQUOT.

A TALE.

M. DE CURSOL returned one day from taking a ride round his grounds. As he passed by the wall of a burying-place, adjoining a small village, he heard some groans which seemed to come from that quarter. This worthy gentleman had too tender a heart to hesitate one moment to fly to the assistance of the unhappy person who seemed to be in distress. He instantly alighted, gave his horse to the servant who attended him, and at one leap sprung over the wall of the burying-place. Standing on his tip-toes he looked every where about him, and at last perceived in the farther corner a grave which seemed to have been lately covered with earth. Upon this grave was stretched a boy, about five years of age, who wept bitterly. M. de Cursol came up to him, with an air of tenderness, and said to him, what are you about here, my little friend?

The Child.—I am calling upon my mother. They laid her here yesterday, and she don't rise again.

M. de Cursol.—It is probable that she is dead, my poor child.

The Child.—Yes, they say that she is dead; but I cannot believe it. She was in good health the other day, when she left me with our neighbour Susan! She told me that she would come back again, and she has not done so. My father and little brother are going, and the other children of the village will have nothing to do with me.

M. de Cursol.—They will have nothing to do with you? And for what reason, pray?

The child.—I don't know; but when I want to join them, they drive me away, and leave me all alone. They likewise say much ill of my father and mother. This gives still the greatest pain. O my mother, rise! rise!

The tears trickled down M. de Cursol's cheeks.

You say that your father and brother are likewise gone. Where are they gone to?

The child.—I don't know where my father is, but my little brother went away yesterday to another village. There came a gentleman dressed as our curate who took him away with him.

M. de Cursol.—And where do you live at present.

The child.—I live with our neighbour Susan. I shall stay with her till my mother returns, as she promised me. I love Susan much; she is a good mother: but I love still more the mother who is here (pointing to the grave.) Mother! mother! what makes you lie so long? When will you get up?

M. de Cursol.—My poor boy, you may call her as long as you please, but she never will get up.

The child.—Well, then, I shall lie here, and sleep by her. Ah! I saw them put her into a great chest. How pale she looked! and how cold she was! I shall lie here and sleep by her.

M. de Cursol could not refrain long from weeping. He took the child in his arms, embraced him tenderly, and said to him, what is your name, my dear friend?

The child.—They call me Jacquot when I behave well; and at other times they call me Jack.

M. de Cursol smiled in the midst of his tears. Would it be agreeable that I should take you to Susan?

Jacquot.—O! yes, yes, my dear gentleman.

Jacquot ran before M. de Cursol as fast as his little feet could carry him, and led him to Susan's door.

Susan was not a little surprised at seeing the gentleman come into her cottage with little Jacquot, who pointing towards her with his little finger, and running to lay his head upon her lap, said, "Here she is; she is my second mother." She could not have expected so extraordinary a visit. M. de Cursol did not suffer her to remain long in doubt. He told her the situation in which he had found the little boy; expressed to her the pity with which the sight had inspired him, and begged that she would inform him concerning the child's parents.

Susan presented him with a seat close by her own, and thus began her narrative:

The child's father is a shoemaker, who lives in the next house. He is an honest, sober, industrious man, well made, and still young. His wife was a good figure, but had bad health; she was industrious and frugal. They were married seven years, lived very well together; and would have been a most happy couple, had they been in somewhat circumstances. Julian had nothing but his trade; and Madeline, who had been an orphan, brought her husband very little money, which she had saved in the service of a worthy curate, who lives about nine miles from this place. This little money was applied towards purchasing a bed, a few articles of furniture, and a small stock of leather, for him to carry on his business. Notwithstanding their poverty, they made a shift to live during the first years after marriage, by their industry and frugality. But they had children; and this brought them into difficulties. They would however have been still able to subsist, had it not been for some misfortunes which befel them. Poor Madeline, who worked daily in the fields, that she might bring home a little money to her husband at night fell sick in consequence of fatigue; and her illness continued the whole harvest and winter. Medicines were expensive. On the other hand, work did not go so well on as formerly: for many of Julian's customers dropped off, from an apprehension that they would not be well served in a house where there was a sick woman. At length Madeline recovered, but her husband's business became no better. They were under the necessity of borrowing money to pay the physician and apothecary. A total stop was now put to Julian's business; he had lost all his customers; and Madeline could gain nothing by work, because her strength was diminished, and nobody would employ her. In this situation, the rent of the house, and the interest of the borrowed money, entirely ruined them. They had hardly bread to their teeth; but they were happy if they could get a bit to give their children.

On hearing these words little Jacquot retired to a corner, and began to sigh.

It now happened that an unfeeling man, who was landlord of the house, finding that they were not in a condition to pay him the two quarters rent which they owed, threatened Julian that he would arrest him. They begged him to have patience till the harvest; because then they might earn some days wages by working in the fields; but neither their entreaties nor their tears could have any effect upon him, though he was the richest person in the village. It was with great difficulty that they prevailed with him to spare them only one month; but he swore, that if at the expiration of that time, they did not pay him the whole sum, he would expose all their effects to sale, and have Julian cast into prison. Nothing was then to be seen in this poor family but such sadness and distress as might have softened a heart of stone. "You may be assured, Sir, that my heart was often pained within me, when I heard the lamentation of these poor neighbours, and could give them no assistance. I once went to their creditor, and begged that he would have compassion on their distress, I told him, that if it was necessary, I would pledge my shift for the payment of his debt, though it was the only one I had. But this had no effect upon him. You are a miserable wretch as well as them; replied he; this is what I get by letting tenements to such a parcel of blaguards. Ah! Sir (here the tears trickled down Susan's cheeks,) I could patiently endure that reproach, if that were all; but how much greater is my suffering to be only a poor widow, and not able to afford any comfort to these honest people! I advised Madeline to go and throw herself at the feet of the curate, whom she had served some years as a faithful servant, and beg that he would advance her a little money. She said that she would speak of it to her husband; but that he would have great reluctance to apply to the curate, because he might imagine that he had fallen into all this distress by bad conduct. Three days ago she brought me as usual her two children, and begged that I would take care of them until the evening. She was going herself to the neighbouring village, to apply to a weaver about the spinning of some

flax for the payment of their debt. She never could think of having recourse to the curate, her old master, but her husband resolved to make the application instead of her; and he is gone for that purpose this very day. I have taken the charge of the children whom I love much, having been present at both their births. Madeline, at parting clasped them in her arms, and embraced them as if it was for the last time she should ever see them. I think I see her at this moment: her eyes were full of tears, and she said to the eldest: don't cry Jacquot, I shall soon be back again, and will come to take you home. She took me by the hand, thanked me for promising to take care of her children, embraced them once more, and went away.

(To be continued.)

THE STORM.

A FRAGMENT.

IT is dark, and a silent gloom pervades the face of heaven and of earth, that makes my soul expand to such a magnitude, as if it would burst the very bosom which contains it.—All is silent.—Fear takes possession of my mind; when, from an angry cloud, the liquid flames flash fourth with terrible sublimity; darting from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, with such repeated swiftness, blazing expansive through the heaven's high vaults, then on a sudden vanishing! On rolls the distant thunder solemnly sublime, and with the pelting rain and howling wind, approaches nearer: between each peal out flashes the sulphureous flame, illumining the rushing cataract with its light; succeeded by a crash most horrible, which shakes the very earth to its centre! Once more a sombre gloom spreads over the face of nature—again, all is terror and confusion!——

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Solution to the *Enigmatical list of young Ladies* contained in No. 126 July 1.

1. Whi*st* tem*ple*—White.
2. Black well—blackwell.
3. Da vis—Davis.
4. Hawk in*s* s—Hawkins.
5. Kin *Jersey*—Kinsey.
6. Pol*l*s lock—Pollock.
7. Tay*l*or lor*d*—Taylor.
8. Camp bell*ow*—Campbell.
9. Peter s—Peters.
10. Johnson, Young, Swift &c.
11. Fenn*e*l o—Fenno.
12. Cooper, Carpenter, Smith &c.
13. Ma*r k* Ma*d*ison change r to d—Madison.
14. Beaver *gun*—Beaven.
15. Hark be*e*. Le*n* change u to o—Harbeson.

A. B.

ORIGINAL EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

PRAY who lies here? why, don't you know?
'Tis stammering, staggering, boozy Joe;
What, dead at last? I thought that death
Could never stop his long long breath,
True, death ne'er threw his dart at him,
But kill'd, like David, with A STING;
Whither he's gone we do not know,
With spirits above or spirits below;——
But if the former taste inherits,
He's quaffing in a world of spirits.

AMELIA: OR THE FAITHLESS BRITON,

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

[*Continued.*]

IT is now proper to inform the reader, that after Amelia had left the Cottage, and the alarm of her elopement had spread around the neighborhood, the Farmer hastened to communicate to Horatio the transactions which he had witnessed, and the suspicions which his wife had conceived of Amelia's situation. The wretched father sickened at the tale. But it was the sentiment of compassion, and not of resentment, that oppressed his soul. There are men, indeed, so abject in their subjection to the opinion of the world, that they can sacrifice natural affection to artificial pride, and doom to perpetual infamy and wretchedness, a child, who might be reclaimed from error by parental admonition, or raised from despair by the fostering hand of friendship. Horatio, however, entertained a different sense: he regarded not the weakness of human virtue as an object of accusation, but liberally distinguished between the crimes and the errors of mankind; and, when he could not alleviate the afflicted, or correct the vicious, he forebore to reprobate. "My poor Amelia! how basely has her innocence been betrayed!—but I must follow her: may be, her injuries have distracted her, and she has fled, she knows not whither! Come! Not a moment shall be lost; I will overtake my child wherever her sorrows may lead her! for, if I cannot procure redress for her wrongs, I will, at least, administer comfort to her miseries." Such was the language of Horatio, as soon as he could exercise the power of utterance. A few days enabled him to arrange his affairs, and having learned the route which Amelia had taken he embarked in the first vessel for England. The peculiar object of his voyage, and the nature of his misfortunes, determined him to conceal himself from the knowledge of his friends and correspondents; and a lucky chance discovered the wretched abode of his Amelia, the very instant of his arrival in London.

"Can you tell me my good host where Doliscus, the Lord——resides? said Horatio, as he entered the inn. "Marry, that I can," replied the landlord: his porter is just now talking with my wife; and if you will step into the next room, perhaps he will shew you the way to the house. Horatio advanced towards the room door, and upon looking through a glass pannel in the door, he beheld the identical servant that had attended Doliscus at the Cottage in eager conversation with the hostess. He paused. "She is delivered, but the child is dead:"——said the servant. Horatio, started; his imagination eagerly interpreted these words to have been spoken of Amelia, and he could scarcely restrain the anguish of his feelings from loud exclamation and complaints.—"My Lord's conscience grows unusually troublesome" continued the servant; "he has ordered me again to enquire after her health, and to provide for the funeral of the child—Would she were safe in America! for, to be sure, her father is the best old man that ever lived!" "It is well!" cried Horatio. "Did you call sir?" said the hostess, opening the door. The servant took this opportunity of withdrawing: and Horatio silently followed him, at a distance, till he arrived at the habitation of Amelia, in the critical moment which enabled him to save the life he had given, and to rescue his deluded daughter from the desperate sin of suicide.

When Horatio returned from the Inn, after discharging the last solemn duties to the departed infant, the landlord presented a letter to him which a servant had just left at the bar, and asked if he was the person to whom it was addressed. As soon as Horatio had cast his eye upon the superscription, he exclaimed, "What mystery is this?—A letter left for my son Honorius at an inn in London." He eagerly seized the paper, and retiring into an adjacent chamber he perused its contents with increased amazement and agitation.

"SIR,

"I AM sensible that the injuries of which you complain, will neither admit of denial or excuse. Your note was delivered; a few minutes after, some circumstance had been communicated to me respecting the unhappy Amelia, that awakened a sentiment of remorse, and prepared me for a ready compliance with your summons. To-morrow morning, at five o'clock, I shall attend at the place which you have appointed.

DOLISCUS."

The voice of Honorius, enquiring for the letter, roused Horatio from the reverie into which its contents had plunged him. The honor of his son, the villainy of his antagonist, and Amelia's suffering, contending with the feelings of the father, and the forbearance of the christian, at last prevailed with him to suffer the hostile interview to which Doliscus had thus consented. When therefore, Honorius entered the room, and the natural expressions of tenderness and surprize were mutually exchanged, they freely discoursed of the lamentable history of Amelia, and warmly execrated that treachery which had accomplished the ruin of her peace and fame. Nor had Doliscus confined his baseness to this object. The charge of war had thrown Honorius into his power shortly after his departure from the cottage, and discovered his affinity to Amelia, the persevering hypocrite artfully insinuated to the commander in Chief, that Honorius meditated an escape, and obtained an order for his imprisonment on board a frigate, which sailing suddenly for England, he was lodged on his arrival, in the common goal, appropriated for the confinement of American prisoners. Here it was, however, that he acquired the first information of Amelia's elopement, and heard the cause to which it was imputed, from the captain of an American vessel, who had formerly been employed in the service of Horatio, and had received the communication from the lips of his ancient patron, in the first moments of his grief. The fate which had unexpectedly led him to Britain, Honorius now regarded as the minister of his revenge. He frowned away the tear which started at the recital of his father's wrongs, as if ashamed to pity 'till he had redressed them; and feeling upon this occasion, an additional motive for soliciting his freedom, employed the interest of Horatio's name, which notwithstanding the political feuds that prevailed, was sufficient, at length, to procure his discharge upon parole. Having easily learned the abode of Doliscus, he imediately addressed the note to him which produced the answer delivered to Horatio.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAXIM.

COMPARISON is the greatest cheat, and often the greatest friend to mankind.

THE STORM.

HARK! hark! the horrid din, the dreadful roar,
The thund'ring bellow of the monst'rous wave;
See with gigantic stride it stalks along,
And sweeps the beach its brackish waters lave.
Should the fearless sailor brave the storm,
Undaunted see the boilterous billows roll;
The vivid lightning glitters on the deep,
And peals of thunder shake from pole to pole.
Yet listen to the shrieks of deep distress,
The weeping wife upon the strand appears:
Her wringing hands, her scatter'd looks declare
The cutting anguish which her bosom tears.
The ship's in view, behold fond hope revive,
The frantic fair-one's shiv'ring frame awhile,
Tumultuous joy o'erspreads her lovely face,
Her pallid cheek is gilded with a smile.
Deceitful calm, how can I paint the scene!
A sudden gale o'erwhelms with pois'nous breath:
The vessel sinks, amidst the din of cries,
And all is hush'd, soon hush'd as silent death.
Poor frantic Lucy tears her locks in vain,
And beats her heaving bosom with despair;
To grief she yields, and with a mighty plunge
Gives up her body to the ocean's care.

From the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MARRIAGE.

"O time roll on thy sluggish wheels, and haste the day
"When joys like these shall decorate my way:
"O soon convince the fair, in bloom of life,
"The happiest female, is the happiest wife:
"And ev'ry youth, that virtuous love alone
"Can form another's happiness, or fix his own."

WHAT object, in all nature, can be so beautiful, as that of two young persons, of amiable lives and tempers, uniting before the altar in vows of mutual constancy and love—and afterwards proceeding through all the vicissitudes and accidents of life, assuaging every evil, and increasing every good, by the most unaffected tenderness?

If it is true that our pleasures are chiefly of a comparative or a reflected kind—how supreme must be theirs, who continually reflect on each other, the portraiture of happiness—whose amusements—

"Tho' varied still—are still the same—in infinite progression."

How tranquil is the state of that bosom, which has, as it were, a door perpetually open to the reception of joy, or departure of pain, by uninterupted confidence in, and sympathy with, the the object of its affection. I know of no part of the single or batchelor's estate, more irksome than the privation we feel by it, of any friendly breast in which to pour our delights, or from whence to extract an antidote for whatever may chance to give us pain—What more agreeable than the conversation of an intelligent, amiable, and interesting friend? But who more intelligent than a well educated female? What more amiable than gentleness and sensibility itself? Or what friend more interesting than such a one as we have selected from the whole world, to be our steady companion, in every vicissitude of seasons and of life?

"Give me some companion," says Sterne, "in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; to whom I may say, how fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are those fruits!"

Is there not some pleasure too, in reflecting, that the blessings of the marriage state, are more secure and permanent than most others, which fall within the compass of human life?—it is the haven of a sea of gallantries, of turbulence, and fears. Other friendships are seen to fade, to languish, and to die, by removal of abode, by variance of interest, by injuries, or even by mistakes. But this is a co-equal with life; the present existence has been called a state of trial, and of preparation for a better: Marriage is the perfection of it; here our education is completed; all the sympathies and affections of the citizen, the parent, and the friend, have their fullest spheres assigned them; and, doubtless, that pair, who in this engagement, are truly happy and irreproachable, must have so qualified themselves, by a thousand instances of mutual affection and forbearance, for an improved state of manners and society; that they may be pronounced to have reached the pinnacle of human felicity, from whence to Heaven, the transition will be neither difficult nor strange; for that is the *home* to which the best improvements of social life are only framed to connect us.

"Evening comes at last, serene and mild,
"When after the long vernal day of life,
"Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells,
"With many a proof of recollected love;
"Together down they sink in social sleep;
"Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
"To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

On the DEATH *of an* INFANT.

AH! lovely babe, thy short liv'd days
Soon close the fleeting breath:
Those active limbs and brilliant eyes
Lose all their charms in death.

Call'd into being, just to taste
The cup of sin and pain,
Enters—but takes a sip in haste,
And turns aside again.

Thus the fair blossom, bud, or flow'r,
Looks promising and gay:
But by some unpropitious pow'r,
'Tis nipp'd and dies away.

Here our most pleasing prospects are
No sooner seen than lost;
And in the dearest source of joy,
Our fondest hopes are cross'd.

To all thy dispensations, Lord,
O may I be resign'd;
Thou art too wise e'er to mistake,
Too good to be unkind.

SINGULARITIES.

THE Chirignans, an American nation, always go naked, notwithstanding they have breeches, but they generally carry them under their arms as we do our hats.

THE mode of saluting amongst the Turks appears to be the most natural of any; they look at the person they wish to salute, and place the hand upon the region of the heart.

THE King of Congo sometimes choses to walk out in a windy day, with his bonnet lightly placed on one side: and if the wind blows it off, he imposes a tax on the inhabitants of that part of his kingdom where the wind blew.

ANECDOTE.

SOME years since, when scarcity of grain prevailed in Connecticut, a poor man, by the name of Crocker, went to a rich farmer, whom he knew to be possessed of a surplus of Indian Corn; and tendered him the highest price for a bushel of it; but the farmer refused to sell, pretending that he had none to spare, whereas, it was evidently false; and that he only hoarded for the present, as some now do, in order to starve buyers into the necessity of giving them the extortionous price they wish to take. Upon this Crocker gave him his true character, in which it seems he did not take the name of god in vain!

However the farmer immediately arraigned him for abuse before one justice Hyde: And when our pauper was called upon to the charge and make his defence, instead of attornies and law books, he produced only a Bible (for Bibles were then regarded;) and read a passage, which says, "Cursed is the man that withholdeth Corn from the poor, yea, and the people shall curse him." Here he argued that he had done no more than what God had authorized, and expressly commanded; and turning to the Old Gripus, who had prosecuted him, he said here, you see, "God curse you! and I curse you! Do you curse him too, esq. Hyde; for one of your curses are worth two of mine."

N. B. He was discharged from the process.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. ALEXANDER THOMPSON, to Miss LYDIA WRIGHT, both of this city.

** SUBSCRIPTIONS for this Paper are thankfully received at the Office of the MINERVA, and No. 77, Chesnut street, (Price Two Dollars per Annum, payable quarterly.)

[illegible] MES MOLAN,
[illegible] DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,
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Jan. 21.

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COURT OF APOLLO.

—***—

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

FAR from Ambition's selfish train,
Where Avarice rules the busy day,
And patient Folly "hugs his chain,"
Enslav'd by Custom's ruthless sway,
Lead me, calm spirit! to some still retreat,
Where silence shares with thee the blooming mead,
Save when at distance heard, in cadence sweet,
The village minstrel tunes his simple reed.
There, free from cares, from jarring passions free,
Oft may I strike the lyre, sweet Solitude! to thee.

When orient Morn, in blushing pride,
Profusely sheds the glist'ning dew,
Oft let me climb the mountain's side,
And raptur'd mark the varied view.
When Noon directs on earth his parching ray;
Then let me find the cool, the peaceful shade,
Form'd by embow'ring oaks, in firm array,
O'er some small stream that rustles through the glade.
Thither let Fancy lead her magic band,
And o'er my senses wave her soul-entrancing wand.

But when at eve the curfew's knell
Winds slowly thro' the dusky grove,
Pensive I'll seek the rural cell,
Or 'midst the gloom in silence rove:
And when from the village spire the solemn toll
Yields its sad tribute to the breathless clay;
As calm Reflection steals upon my soul,
The tear unmark'd shall take its silent way:
And mournful oft I'll cull the violets bloom,
Heave the sad soothing sigh, and dress the clay-cold tomb.

When Midnight spreads her blackest robe,
And shrouds in sullen mists the sky:
When Terror rules the silent globe,
And phantoms mock the fearful eye,
Parent of all! whose voice the winds obey,
The raving ocean, and the black'ning storm,
Yet stoop'st to guide the sparrow on his way,
And shed'st thy mercy on the struggling worm!
To thee, great God to thee my voice I'll raise;
Trembling I'll strike the lyre, and hymn thy boundless praise.

THE FATAL MISTAKE:
OR, THE HISTORY OF MR. ELLIOT.

[WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.]

(Concluded.)

IN a fatal hour I complied with her intreaties, and left her with the utmost reluctance. When I came to the house of Mr. Warner, I found he had expired two hours before my arrival; I paid a tribute of tears to the memory of honest George, who had been my college familiar; and as I had no further business, I hastened back to my wife. I entered the house unobserved by any one, having delivered my horse to a servant I met in the yard, and was proceeding to Lady Almena's dressing room, with all the anxiety of love, when on hearing the sound of voices I stopped, and clearly distinguished my wife, who pronounced these words: "You cannot imagine what I have suffered in this cruel separation. My heart has felt every painful sensation, you have been exposed to: believe me, my lord, my love for you is as violent as before my marriage." "My love my dearest Almena, answered a manly voice, I do believe you, and am convinced nothing can abate your affection for me." I heard no more, but rushing to my apartment I seized my sword, and determined to end my woe, by plunging the weapon deep in the heart of the villain who had dishonoured me, I burst open the door of the dressing room, and, heart-rending sight! behold my wife locked up in the arms of Lord Ashford, as I imagined.

Transported by my rage, I sprung towards him, and buried my sword in his body! he groaned and fell: But oh Heavens! what were my feelings when I beheld the face of Lord Somerset! Though it was almost dark, I plainly perceived the features of my friend as he lay extended on the floor, bathed in his blood. My Almena had fainted on seeing her brother fall, and so stupified was I with horror at the rash action I had committed, that I was incapable of giving the least assistance to either.

My faculties at length forsook me, and I fell senseless, the noise of my fall brought the servants crouding to the apartment, there to behold the most horrible sight that ever shocked the eyes of humanity! When I recovered to a sense of my misery, I found my wife had been carried to her apartment during her fit, and Lord Somerset was seated in an arm chair.

Some of the servants were gone for a surgeon, whilst others were endeavouring to stop the effusion of blood.

He faintly opened his eyes, and casting them on me with a look of infinite sweetness, addressed me in the following manner, in a voice hardly audible: "Whatever, my Frederick, was your motive for a conduct so precipitate and rash, be assured I heartily forgive you; and am certain a mistake and fatal misapprehension were the cause of my death." Here he stopped. The horror and distraction of my thoughts were so great, that, had not my servants prevented, I should have plunged the fatal sword in my own breast: by force they wrested it from me; and I was doomed to bear a wretched existence. I threw myself at the feet of Lord Somerset, and entreated his pardon.

My agonies were so great that before I could inform him of the truth, I was again deprived of my senses. I remember no more, than that after having been a long time confined to my chamber, I recovered to endless remorse.

The excess of my grief threw me into a violent fever which continued a month; during which time my wife and lord Somerset breathed their last! The latter lived only three days after the fatal wound he had received from me. He had a paper drawn up in which he solemnly attested my innocence, and acquitted me of his death. I found he had been acquainted with my jealousy of lord Ashford, by the villain who was hired by that scandal to nobility; the servant who had informed me of his lordship's visits to my wife, was the detested creature of this wretch; and these falsities had been invented merely to disturb our domestic harmony; to which the appearance of his comrade in iniquity the day I had been hunting and greatly added, joined also to his evasive conduct. These particulars lord Somerset had been informed of by a letter from the abandoned fellow, who had left the kingdom, as his vile employer soon after did. But though my grief on the death of my Edward was little short of madness, yet the fate of my unhappy wife, rent my heart-strings! that angelic sufferer, on recovering from her fainting, immediately fell into strong labour; and after continuing in the utmost agony for a whole day and night, expired with her unhappy infant ere she had given it birth.

She left her forgiveness for him who had destroyed her and her brother. I am unable to describe the melancholy situation in which I was involved.

Several times I was tempted to end my miserable being; but some remains of conscience being left, I dared not rush into the presence of my Maker, uncalled for. I was greatly afflicted at my resolution of enduring life, by the worthy Mr. Harpur, who on hearing of my melancholy situation, left his family and came to my house.

The world by his prudent management remained uninformed of my misfortunes; supposing my wife died of a fever in lying-in, and lord Somerset of an appoplectic fit. I wrote to Lady Somerset the melancholy account of my folly and rashness, and entreated her pardon, as she valued the peace of my soul. But alas! she lived not to grant it me: her sorrow for the loss of her children, joined to her ill state of health soon brought her to the grave! Thus had the violence of my passions destroyed three persons dearer to me than the whole world. Mr. Harpur would have persuaded me leave Frout Hall, as the scenes of my wretchedness, only aided the poignancy of my sufferings, but all his arguments were vain: I was resolved to dedicate my life to penitence on that mournful spot. I accordingly built a retreat in the park and never after left it except once a year, when I forsook my humble habitation, to spend a few hours in the house where my greatest misery was completed. I generally distributed a large sum of money to the poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood on that day, and in the evening returned to my cottage. I hope my sincere repentance and sorrow for my crimes may have atoned for them to that power whose blessings I had so infinitely abused. For twenty years I lived uninterrupted by any mortal save the good Mr. Harpur, who sometimes came and spent half an hour at my solitary residence. Here I lived and enjoyed more content than I ever thought could have fallen to my lot, after the miseries of my former life. As my prayers for mercy and pardon, at the throne of Heaven, have been real and sincere, so I trust I shall be forgiven, and whenever it shall please the Deity to call me hence, I shall rejoice to obey his summons, hoping I shall have peace in a better world, and my error totally obliterated.

One thing I should have mentioned, which is, that the twenty-fifth year of my retirement, I made Mr. Harpur a present of thirty thousand pounds, and left my estate to a distant branch of my family, the only surviving relations I had. I begged my worthy friend to have my remains deposited in a tomb that should be erected in my convent, as I was used to call my residence. This, I have no doubt he will see performed, and may the melancholy incidents of my life warn them who shall see this manuscript, against the blameable use of reason. Had I suffered mine to have had its proper influence, I had not been plunged in such uncommon distress.

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